Poems of Struggle and Resistance in IRAN

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I'll tell you, and say that
My heart despises death.
Death is satanic, predatory.
But when life is dark from
the sorrows of the soul,
But when there is struggle
of the good and bad
To be devoured by death is sweet.
Alas, it is a must for the
sake of liberty.

Quoted by

Houshang Taregol

in his last defense.

He was a revolutionary worker and member of "Arman Khalgh" (a group which later joined the OIPFG). He was executed in 1971.

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Iranian art and literature, which reflects the bitter class struggle in Iranian society in its division into dynamic and progressive and into static and reactionary literature, has been greatly influenced by the new revolutionary armed movement in Iran. The progressive contemporary literature, which had been passive literature before the beginning of armed struggle, was only a description of people's sufferings under the Shah's regime. "Night", "winter" and "darkness" were all words very much used in this literature, which was the result of the reign of oppression and tyranny in Iran. The pain was described, but the cure remained unknown.

Taking a short look at the content of literature following the shameful CIA coup d'etat of 1953, we notice that it only concentrated on the oppression suffered by the people. In this period, "freedom" was just an empty word. "Winter" was the season of poverty and unemployment, a cold season for the toiling masses. Here, "winter" was not a season on the calendar: all of the seasons were winter.

Poems of the years between 1963,the brutal suppression of our people in the 15th of Khordad uprising and massacre, and 1971,

the beginning of armed struggle in Siahkal, were also poems describing even more sorrow and pain. Siahkal, and the victories that followed, showed the people that the regime could be defeated, and gave them new hope and new strength to struggle against it.

After Siahkal, we notice a different trend in progressive Iranian literature, a militant trend which shows the changing attitudes of our intellectuals and writers in portraying the resistance and struggle of our masses in their poems and writings. With the beginning of the new stage of struggle at Siahkal, the question, should literature be responsible to social and political problems, should art be for art's sake or should art be for the people, had no longer any meaning.

Today, the progressive and revolutionary art and literature propagandizes the need to fight against the hated regime of the Shah. Today, the qualitative change in literature can be seen in the direct involvement of our intellectuals (poets, writers, film makers, etc.) in the struggle . Freedom fighters, the Rezais, Golesorkhis, Oskoois, Daneshians,

not only write poems of struggle but actively participate in the revolutionary struggle of our people against the Shah's fascist regime and U.S. imperialism. As Comrade Marzieh Ahmadi Oskooi said, " these freedom-fighters do not live by their pens but write their stories with their lives."

The Iranian Students Association in Washington-Baltimore is pleased to present this pamphlet, which is only a small collection of the progressive and revolutionary poems of Iran.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

He who said that the movement has died in
this dark and dead land,
Shame on him! Cry, O Sea of the Caspian!
Rend your clothes, red forest of Gilan!*
Tear your heart, enduring peak of Alborz!
Fifteen brave men, fifteen lives offered
in their hands,
on the battlefield, fifteen men, true re-
presentatives of the faith of the people,
Fifteen of this enslaved people have
joined nads,
Their blood streams of revold, their blood
a reflection of flowers of hope,
Their hearts a spring of faith in their
aim,
Their hands the fury of the silent people
of Iran.
Their blood the odor of plants,
spilled on the earth by the dagger of the
Zahak** of our time.

* * * * * * * *

Cry, O Sea of the Caspian! Cry, O desert
of Kavir!
Look, people of Iran, oppressed and in
chains,
How the immoral murderers
Rob your child from your embrace.
Look at the ranks of killers , the shameless
whores,
the odious sellers of themselves,(from head
to toe, naught but belly)
All of them servants of the Zahak of our
time.
And all Zahaks listening to the commands of
the criminal of the century.

* * * * * * * *

Our century is the century of the liberation
of humanity. The leap from the shors of
October to China,

The wave from China's shores to Korea,
The movement from the jungles of Congo
to Vietnam and Aden
The step from the rise of the Palestenian
people to the Gulf.
Fifteen images of imprisoned hope, fifteen
great symbols of honor,
Fifteen Meydars***, pure strugglers,
Fifteen Roozbehs**** , strong heroes.
The red flag of revolt
Unfurled in the face of the sun,
and, shining on the mountains
Caused them to shake.

* * * * * * * * *

Hindi O wind of the dawn!
Carry the smell of the martyrs' blood to
the north,
Spread it to the south, blossom on the
lips of the Baluchi peasant,
Cause his free heart to beat.
Good! Give the news to the Arab man's heart.
The first step on an arduous road is met
with defeat.
Let us learn from this sacrifice, to bring
down
the palace of Pharoah and Zahak of our
time.
Fifteen pioneers in the dark and dead of
night,
Fifteen glowing lights in this darkness.
Smile, O Sea of the Caspian!
Smile, O Kavir! THE PEOPLE WILL RISE .

---

*F to the battle of Siahkal, the armed struggle in Iran, which in 1971 in Gilan, northern Iran, members of the O.I.P.F.G. were by the fascist regime.

→

Iran, my land,
from the Gulf, streaked with blood,
to your tall, proud mountains,
rabid dogs rave
Iran, my land,
look how the ugly hyenas
plough clots of blood
in your rich soil,
look how the clear water from your depths,
is sucked into the sewage that is imperialism,
But, Iran, my land,
I vow,
I vow to answer,
the silence of your night,
with the clamour of bullets;
the darkness of your night,
with the flame of bullets;
and the cold of your night,
with the heat of bullets.

Taken from
<u>Torture and Resistance in Iran</u>

Memories of Ashraf Dehghani , member of O.I.P.F.G.

→** A legendary king of old Persia, known for his extreme cruelty; here used to represent the Shah.

*** Heydar Amoghloo, one of the founders of the Communist party of Iran in the early 1900's.

****Khosrow Roozbeh, a hero of the people's struggle, executed in 1958.

In the People's Spring

How could the autumn wind blow in the
People's spring ?
How could I talk about anything but the people?
Let the love of the people be always glowing
in my heart
Let the hatred of enemy be always storming in
my heart
I AM A PEOPLE'S FEDAYEE GUERRILLA,
Let there be thousands like me, sacrificed
for the people
This day of you and me, shall be soaked with
blood
So that the tomorrow of the people, shall
belong to the people
I shall not rest for one second, in this struggle
Until I overthrow every oppression, every
exploitation
I shall uproot the old order
and build a new world
I AM A PEOPLE'S FEDAYEE GUERRILLA,
Let there be thousands like me sacrificed
for the people
This day of you and me, shall be soaked with
blood
So that the tomorrow of the people shall belong
to the people

Learn from the People's Fedayee Guerrillas
Light the red torch of the people's
liberation
Since you have Taregol as a symbol
destroy all the bridges behind you
I AM A PEOPLE'S FEDAYEE GUERRILLA
Let there be thousands like me sacrificed
for the people
This day of you and me shall be soaked
with blood
So that the tomorrow of the people shall
belong to the people.

The Organization of
Iranian
People's Fedayee
Guerrillas

* Freedom Fighters *

The Iranian freedom fighters,we,
Sacrifice our lives for the masses,
Raise the flag of victory
Over the oppressors' palaces.

Iran! You shall flourish.
Masses! You shall be free.
Rise, People!
Raise a storm;
Uproot this house of oppression.

To open the doors to the masses is our
reason for dying.
To echo the fury of the masses is our cause
for fighting.
THE IRANIAN PEOPLE'S FEDAYEE GUERRILLAS,
we are
To open the doors to the masses is our reason
for dying.
To echo the fury of the masses is our cause
for fighting.

From the other side of darkness,
the sun will dawn
Free of injustice at last,
the deprived people of Iran.
It is time to fight
So do not falter.
Should you not rise,
Should you not shed blood,
The enemy will not vanish

To open the doors to the masses is our reason
fro dying.
To echo the fury of the masses is our cause
for fighting.
THE IRANIAN PEOPLE'S FEDAYEE GUERRILLAS,we are

To open the doors to the masses is our reason
for dying.
To echo the fury of the masses is our cause
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The Organization
of Iranian People's
Fedayee Guerrillas

T O R T U R E

Pain is a fleeting phenomenom
But disgrace is a mark that remains.
The pain of torture is a bearable pain
Which, if you think not of it, you do
not even feel.
In betrayal there is eternal disgrace,
So we choose the enemy's torture with all
our heart
Because it tempers the will
And sharpens the committment to the cause.
And this torutre, the more, the better.

People's Fedayee,

Roghieh Daneshgari
a cell in the
Police Headquarters

Summer of 1972

S I A H K A L

Siahkal is the Moncada of Iran.
It is there that the page of history turns
And the years of silence are broken.
The storm that has begun there calms me.
This is the time of revolution,
A revolution red and righteous.
It is there that the hollow structure of
imperialism
Will lose its old base,
And it is there that
The guardians of oppression tremble.
These paper tigers will fall.
Our collapsing system was pregnant with
revolution
And now has put its years-old burden on
the ground.
The true sons of revolution,
These true servants of the people,
Have risen,
Through sacrifice of their own honorable
lives,
To proclaim the new life to the masses.
They planted the first seedling of revolution
At the foot of your high mountains,
place.

And this seedling, reared in blood,
Must bear fruit.
We swear upon the blood that spilled and
colored your earth,
We swear upon the hearts
That lost the green of life
At the heart of the green forest,
Upon all things that made your name eternal,
Upon the drops of blood, upon the tear drops,
Upon the calloused hands of the worker,
Upon the unjustly lined face of the farmer,
Upon the naked bodies without clothes,
Upon the nights without bread of the oppressed,
That we will be a true guardian of this
seedling,
Struggling relentlessly
Until we make its trunk wide and strong.
Each leaf from the trees of your dense forest
Covered with blood
Symbolizes the start of a new era in history,
And every drop of blood that has fallen on your
earth
Is a reminder of our vow to justice.
Long live Siahkal, long live your heroes,
Long live their belief,
Their purity, their honesty.
Siahkal is Iran's Moncada.

The revolutionary fire that began there,
As long as there exists the last darkness of
oppression,
As long as fascism, dictatorship, oppression
and exploitation
Are still reigning,
Will every day grow stronger.
The piercing flame of this fire will burn
stronger.
We are the perpetuators
Of the glorious way of the strugglers of
Siahkal.
Let us remember
That to struggle for the people one must have
a ferverent heart.
So the black stains of oppression on the white
skirts of justice
Will be washed with our blood.
And on the road to the people's freedom
We will fight to the last drop of our blood.
There is a chasm between the ways of
imperialism and communism
Which must be filled with the corpses of the
fighters.
This chasm is now being filled.
And let us remember the saying of our comrade
That we must rise before our enemies.
So we must not wait a moment.

We must rise, and now we have risen.
And while we have a drop of blood in our veins
And life in our bodies
Our slogan will be:
Down with mercenaries, long live the people!
A slogan that the hero of Iran, Comrade Amir Parviz Pouyan*
Had on his lips at the time of his glorious death.
Down with mercenaries, long live the people!

Roghieh Daneshgari,
a People's Fedayee
Guerrillas

***

Marzieh Ahmadi Oskooi, a woman revolutionary guerrilla and member of the Organization of Iranian People's Fedayee Guerrillas has written many poems and short stories about the suffering of people, resistance and the struggle. She was martyred in an armed confrontation with the Shah's fascist police in 1974.

H O N O R

I am a mother,
I am a sister,
I am a faithful wife,
I am a woman who
from the beginning,
with bare feet
has run through
the small villages of the North.

A woman who,
from the beginning,
has worked har utmost
in the rice paddies and tea plantations

I am from the far away ruins of the East.

A woman who,
from the beginning,
with bare feet
has run to quench
the thirst of the land,
searching for a drop of water.

A woman who,
from the beginning,
with bare feet
and along with her skinny cow

in the threshing field
from Dawn to Dusk
has felt the weight of pain

I am a woman from the nomad tribes of the
plains and the mountains.

a woman who,
gives birth to her baby
in the mountains,
and loses her goat,
in the plains, and
sits in mourning

I am a woman,
a worker, whose hands
turn the great machines
of the factory;
and every day,
before her eyes,
her strength is broken to pieces
and lost in the spokes of the wheels.

A woman, whose flesh extracted
fattens the carcass of the blood sucker
and,
whose blood lost
increases the profit of the capitalist.

A woman of whom
YOUR SHAMELESS CULTURE CAN NOT CONCEIVE.

Not one,
whose hands are white
whose body is delicate
whose skin is soft,
and whose hair is perfumed.

I am a woman,
whose hands are wounded by
the cutting blades of pain,

A woman whose body
has been broken
by your infinite shamelessness,
and your crushing work.

A woman whose skin
is the mirror of the desert sun
and whose hair smells like smoke.

I am a liberated woman,
A woman who,
from the beginning,
shoulder to shoulder
with her comrade and brother
has crossed the plains,

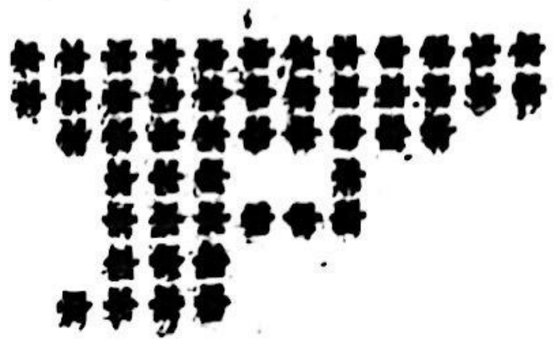
A woman who,
has nurtured the strong arm
of the worker,
and the powerful hand of the peasant,

I am a woman,
of whom,
YOUR SHAMELESS CULTURE CAN NOT CONCIEVE.

A woman,
in whose breast,
there is a heart,
filled with the smoldering wounds of race.

A woman, whose eyes
shine with the
scarlet bullets of freedom.

A woman, whose hands
have been readied by work
TO PICK UP THE GUN.



PROLETARIAT

My grandfather was a slave
My father was a serf
And I am a worker.

My grandfather rebelled and was
crucified.
My father fought and was guillotined.
I am a struggler brought to prison.

They load the guns with cartridges and call
my name
Proletariat,
~~the charge~~ :
Armed struggle against world imperialism
For the betterment of working peoples of
the world,
They knealt and aimed
They waited til the count of three and fired.
Sentenced to execution.

People's Fedayee,
M.A. Oskooi

WAVE

I used to be a cold, narrow brook
Running in the forests, mountains and
valleys.

I knew that standing waters
Die from within.
I knew that joining the waves of the seas
Brings new life to the little brooks.

Neither the long way
Nor the dark craters
Nor the temptation to stop running
Prevented me from moving on.

How I have joined
The endless waves.
I exist in struggle
And my rest is my death.

Marzieh Ahmadi Oskooi

P R I S O N E R

Here is the"Ghasar Prison".*
It belongs to the Shah, but
is built for me.
I am an angry prisoner.

In the cold of the night,
I stare into the dark,
through the bars of the
tiny window, thinking of
the future and freedom.

I am a bird in love,
caged in this fortress of
horrors,
with clipped wings and a
dream of flight.

I watch the rain drops fall,
washing awary the darkness of
the night,
and listen to the distant
murmers.
My head is filled with the
thought of freedom,
and only freedom.

I am the selfless warrior of
battle fields,
the feverish prisoner of the
Shah's "Ghasar."
These chains and steel bars,
these burning wounds,
these warm drops of blood,
cries of fury,
this ceaseless pain of
days and nights,
can never stop the flight
of dreams in my mind,

can never stop the beating
of love in my heart,
TAP ! TAP ! TAP !

Listen!
to the voices coming from
the "City of Night,"
to the voices of growing
discontent,
to the piercing voice of
truth.
Heavy sits the night upon
the fortress.
But murmurs are heard so well.

M.A. Oskooi

---

* Ghassr is the name of a prison in Tehran filled with thousands of political prisoners. It also means palace in Persian.

IF ONE WERE EQUAL TO ONE

The teacher was at the blackboard, yelling.
Her face was flushed with anger,
Her hands covered with chalk dust from
writing.
But the students in the last row were
sharing Lavashak* among themselves,
And another one in another corner was
leafing through Djavanan.**
For she was talking nonsense, and with that
boundless energy was trying to show
algebraic equality.
With legible writing on the board, the
darkness of which was like the dark
heart of the oppressors...
and it was sad.
She wrote equality this way: that One is
equal to One.
Among the students, one stood up, one
always has to stand up.
He said gently: But this equality is an
obvious mistake.
The children staring, the teacher fixed in
her place and staring, and he asked:
If a person were a number, would One still
be equal to One?

There was a heavy pause and a difficult
question.
The teacher screamed angrily: Yes it would!
And he laughed and said:
If a person were a number,
The One with gold and jewelry would be high,
The One with a soft heart and hands without
gold would be low?
If a person were One...
The One with a silvery face like the moon
would be high,
And the One with a black face who mourns
would be low?
If a person were One this equality would be
incorrect.
Now I ask, if One were equal to One...
Where would the bread and money of parasites
come from?
Or who would build the Great Walls of China?
If One were equal to One...
Then whose back would be bent under the load
of poverty?
Or who would be crushed under the blows of
the whip?
If One were equal to One...
Then who could cage the lovers of freedom?

The teacher started to cry:

Children, write in your notes that One is
not equal to One.

*

The Organization of
Mojahedeen of the
People of Iran

---

*Lavashak- Prunes dried and rolled paper-
thin, a popular snack.

**Djavanan- A reactionary magazine for youth.

The "Unnamed Poem" is a poem written by the people's poet, Khosrow Golesorkhi who was arrested and framed on charges of plotting to kidnap the royal family. After a military tribunal, he was executed by firing squad in the hands of the Shah's fascist regime in September 1973, and never betrayed the masses.

THE UNNAMED POEM

The deep fatal wound of the foe
has scarred deep on your chest,
But,
Standing erect, you didn't fall
For it's your nature - to die unyeilding,
on your feet,
in the manner of the Pines on the
hill-top peak.

In you are melodies of sweat and blood,
In you migrating birds,
In you songs of victory.
Your eyes have never been so radiant.

Because of your blood,
Toopkhandeh* will come alive,
with peoples' waking rage .

That side of town will rise up and
overrun this side of town.
And people will share,
bread and hunger equally.

You upright pine
It is your death which creates.

The foe erects high walls.
Pitty these tattered-clothed folks passing by,
don't know your name, But
On the day they recognize you,
Every drop of your blood will be praised dearly.

These people will sing
your great name
in every national song.
Your name emblematic of Iran,
In your name, the Caspian becomes alive.

Khosrow Golesorkhi

*Toopkhaneh is a famous square in Theran,
historically the scene of many uprisings.

****

Song of Union

Friends, we must love,
We must roar like the Caspian.
Our cries, though not far reaching,
Must become one.
The beating of every heart must now be a song,
The red of every drop of blood must now be
a flag.
Our hearts must be
The song of our flag.
At every dawn over the Alborz*
We must become closer,
We must become one.
Their fear is of our unity.

The sun
Must rise
From our eyes,
The thirsty Loot**
Must become the host of the Caspian,
Kavir's*** poverty
Must not be left portionless from the springs
of the north,
The tired hands must rest,
The Sofreh**** of all must be colorful,
A smile and a future must replace the tears,
There must be spring,
Young, green and blossoming,
In the eyes of the children of Jadeh Rey*****,
They must come to know spring,
Javadieh****** must be built on the bridge,
That is, the bridge of our shoulders,
We must know the agony
When Rahman's daughter
Dies of a two-hour fever,
Friends, we must love,
Our hearts must be
Our song and our flag,

K, Goleshorkhi

---

* Alborz- Mountain range in north central Iran
** Loot- desert in central Iran
*** Kavir- desert in central Iran
**** Sofreh-cloth laid on the ground for eating
*****Jadeh Rey-poor neighborhood south of ⟶

PRISON OF THE LAND

Oh friend
Oh Imprisoned brother
here in the slaughterhouse of thought
and dream
upon the plains of blood, steel, and work
upon the shores of pearls and fish
in the military harbors of oil and
battleships
in the fields of rice and tea
and alongside herds and wheat
we,
the gathering clouds of the storm
foretelling the music of the sudden
~~storm~~
in the cold cells of Ghezelghaleh,
Evin, and Hesar *
We are not the tried prisoners of this
land
the tried prisoners of this land
are chained to the factory and work
for the oppressors
the red mass of toilers here
are the tried prisoners of this land

here guns, coins, and spies
are the rulers in this era of tyranny
and the houses of the people, extending
on the plains
are a great multitude of solitary and
collective cells

Iran in the midst of this tension is
a paradox
of freedom and subjugation

and as always
we,
the gathering clouds of the storm

→ Tehran.

****** Javadieh-poor section of Tehran,
repeatedly flooded.

fortelling the music of the sudden storm
with inflamed burns
whose wounds fester on our skin
with burned chests sing
from the cells of the dark castle
Freedom
Oh bloody transtormation
Oh coming revolution

- Said Sultanpur
a progressive Iranian
writer, playwright,and
poet who has been jailed
several times by the
notorious SAVAK for his
opposition to the
reactionary regime.

---

* These are the names of prisons filled with thousands of political prisoners.

** S O L I D A R I T Y **

Our century has become the century of
liberation of mankind
The people of the world have gone
a long way from October to Chinese revolution
And now a people's revolution is going on
in each corner of the world
Hitting a smashing blow
to the face of Imperialists

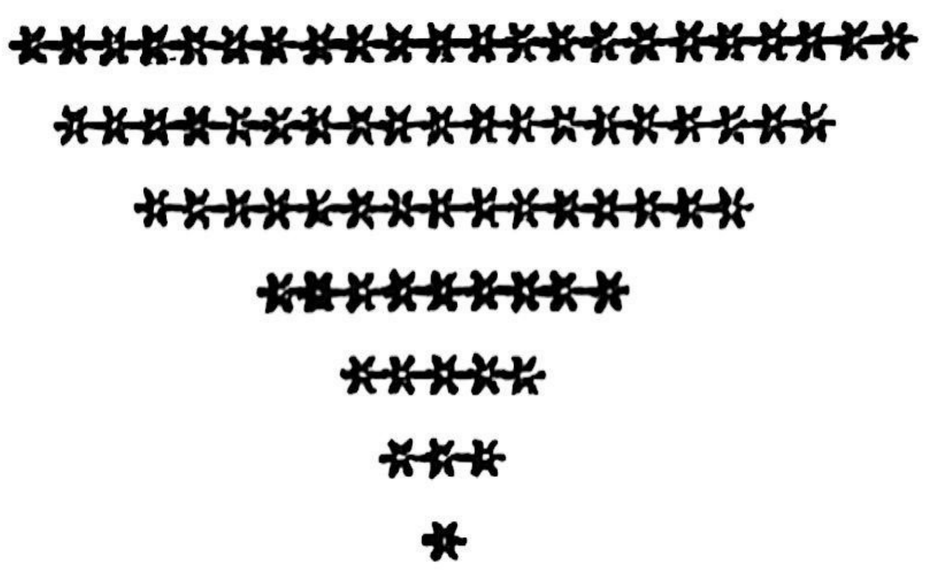
O the people of Iran
workers and peasants
Arise, Arise
Uphold, Uphold
the red banner of
the liberation of Iran

In this bloody battle
I shall be with you
You, unnamed hero, the courageous people of
Oman
I shall mix with you
We shall unite together,
We shall build another Palestine and Vietnam

Iranian Students
Association

****
****
****

Correct	Incorrect	Page
Poem "Honor"		15
5th Line before the beginning:		
A Woman from the dead		
villages of the south		
has run all over the steaming		15
hot lands of the deserts		
I am from the small villages		
of the North		
revolt	revold	4
hands	nads	//
shores	shors	//
knelt	knealt	18
till	til	//
Tehran	Theran	26
commitment	committment	10
for	fro	9



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